The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

RICHARD CHUNG, tenor

assisted by

LORETTA DUECK, piano

Tuesday, February 5, 1985 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

If music be the food of love (1692-5). . . . . .Henry Purcell
Music for a while (Oedipus) (c. 1692) (1659-1695)
Thrice happy lovers (Epithalamium from "The Fairy Queen")

17th and 18th Century Italian Art Songs
Per la gloria d'adorarvi (1722) . . . . . Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)
Vergin, tutto amor. . . . . .Francesco Durante (1684-1755)
Vittoria, mio core (1656) . . . . . Giaccomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

From "Die Winterreise" (1827). . . . . Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
1. Gute Nacht
5. Der Lindenbaum
6. Wasserflut
11. Frülingstraum
13. Die post
20. Der Wagweiser
24. Der Leiermann

This recital is presented in partial fufillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr. Chung.

"Per la gloria d'adorarvi" (For the love my heart doth prize)

For the love my heart doth prize, O charmful eyes,
I would adore ye; For me, my love is pain,
I know 'tis all in vain, Yet kneel before ye:
Love is pain, all in vain I implore ye.

Hopeless 'tis to look for kindness, Foolish fondness with
sighs t'implore ye; But who-e'er might woo your gaze,
Bask in your sunny rays, and not adore ye?
Love is pain, all in vain I implore ye.

"Vergin, tuttor amor" (Virgin, fount of love)

Vergin, fount of love, Dear Mother, thou of mercy,
whose heart was riven, O hearken, Queen of Heaven,
Hearken to a sinner's cry.
Let kind compassion move thee, In mercy hear her sad lamenting,
Her mournful moan ascending unto thy throne of grace on high.
O Mother, thou of mercy, Vergin, fount of love.

"Vittoria, mio core!" (Victorious my heart is!)

Victorious my heart is! And tears are in vain,
For love now has broken its schackles in twain.
For love now has broken its schackles in twain.

The false one is vanquish'd, her glances amuse me,
Deception no longer with arts can confuse me!
No false-hood or sorrow oppress me with rigor,
The flame, once so cruel, has spent all its vigor!

Victorious my heart is! And tears are in vain.
For love now has broken its shackles in twain.

Her smile once entrancing no darts is revealing,
The wounds is my bosom with time are all healing;
All sorrow and torment no longer I'm fearing,
Now broken each tie is, all fears disappearing!

Victorious my heart is! And tears are in vain.
For love now has broken its shackles in twain.

Die Winterreise (The Winter Journey)

1. "Gute Nacht" (Goodnight)

As a stranger, I entered, as a stranger I go out again:
May was kind to me, with many a bunch of flowers.
The maiden spoke of love, The mother, even of marriage:
But now the world is dreary, The roadway covered with snow.

I cannot spend time. Choosing my journey,
I must determine my way, Here and now in the darkness.
A moonlight shadow goes with me as companion.
And on the white meads I look for wild creature's tracks.

1. "Gute Nacht" (Cont.)

Why should I remain longer, Until I am driven out?
Let stray dogs howl outside their master's house!
Love likes to travel from one to another,
God has made it so; My fine lady-love, goodnight!

I will not disturb you in your dreams:
'Twere pity to spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps...
Softly, softly I close the door.
As I go out I will write "Goodnight" to you on the gate,
So that you may see my thoughts were of you.

5. "Der Lindenbaum" (The Linden Tree)

By the fountain outside the town gate stands a linden tree;
In its shade I dreamt many a sweet dream.

In its bark I cut many a loving word;
I was drawn to it continually in times of joy and pain.
This night, too, I had to go past it, at dead of night,
Dark though it was then, I kept my eyes closed.
And its branches rustled, as though they were calling to me:
"Come to me, my friend; here you will find peace!"

The cold gusts blew straight into my face,
The hat flew off my head, but I did not turn back;
Now I am many hours distant from that place,
And still I hear a rustling: "You would have found peace there!"

6. "Wasserflut" (Floodwater)

Many a tear from my eyes has fallen into the snow;
The cold snowflakes absorb my burning grief thirstily.

When the grass is ready to spring up, A mild wind will blow hither,
And the ice will break up into floes,
And the soft snow will dissolve.

Snow, you know of my longing,
Tell me, pray, where does your course lie?
If you will only follow my tears
The stream will soon gather you up.

With it you will flow through the town,
In and out of the gay streets;
Where you will feel my tears glowing hot,
There will be darling's house.

11. "Fruhlingstraum" (A dream of Spring)

I dreamt of many coloured flowers, as they bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows and merry birdsongs.

And when the cocks crowed, my eyes opened;
It was cold and dark; Ravens croaked on the roof.

11. "Fruhlingstraum" (Cont.)

But there, on the windowpanes...
Who painted those leaves?
Do you laugh at the dreamer who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of love for love's sake, of a fair maiden,
Of caresses and kisses of happiness and bliss.

And when the cocks crowed, my heart awoke;
Now I sit here alone and ponder on the dream.

I close my eyes again, but my heart still beats warmly.
When will your leaves grow green on the window?
When shall I hold my love in my arms?

13. "Die Post" (The Post)

From the road comes a posthorn's sound;
What ails it that it surges so, My heart?
The post brings no letter for you.
Why then do you leap so high, My heart?

Yes, the post is coming now from the town
where once I had a darling sweetheart, My heart!
Do you want to go across and see
And ask how things may be doing there, My heart!

20. "Der Wegweiser" (The Signpost)

Why do I avoid the ways that other travellers tread,
And seek hidden pathways through snow-covered, rocky heights?

I have done no ill deed that I should avoid mankind;
What foolish longing drives me into deserted wastes?

Signposts stand upon the roads pointing the way to towns,
And I journey on endlessly, Restless and seeking peace.

One signpost I see standing fixedly before my gaze;
One road I must travel, a road along which none have returned.

24. "Der Leiermann" (The Hurdy-gurdy man)

Out behind the village there stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
With numbed fingers he grinds all he can.
Barefoot on the ice, he totters to and fro,
And his little platter stays ever empty of coins.

No one wants to hear him, no one gives him a glance,
And the dogs snarl around the old man.
And he lets it all go on, just as it will,
He grinds away, and his barrel-organ never stops.

Strange old man! Shall I go with you?
Will you grind away on your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?